

# RESTORATION



Vol. III.

COMBERMERE, ONTARIO—SEPTEMBER, 1950

No. 10.

## Letter-Writer Walks New Convent Corridor

By Catherine De Hueck

Dear Sister, The corridor seemed endless. Perhaps that was because I walked it so slowly, shuffling my feet, and stopping to admire the pictures of all the familiar Saints that adorned the walls, making my steps softer and slower, as I approached the dark oaken door that time and endless applications of wax and elbow grease had made to glow with the soft sheen of beautiful wood.

That door was my goal! Behind it Reverend Mother would be, either at her desk, or standing by the large window that looked over the orderly and well kept grounds.

Always my heart seemed to stand still. Always little beads of perspiration pealed my forehead. Always my hand would rise and fall, and rise again, uncertain, quite afraid to knock at the door.

### Visit Means Trouble

For a "visit to Reverend Mother" spelled trouble to all us pupils, but especially to me, who had somehow or other to make them at least once a month. It must have been my unsuppressible energy that made me do the things that ultimately necessitated that "visit."

As I look back on it all, there should not have been that fear. Mother Superior was a gentle and understanding woman. Her scoldings or reprimands were well deserved, and always delivered with a quiet firmness, but also with great gentleness, through which love shone brightly.

Perhaps it was awe. She seemed to be a person set apart, and her pedestal was so very high — though becoming. Be that as it may, my memory remains with me vivid and undimmed of Mother Superior and her saintly Community being people to be loved with reverence, and awe not un-mixed with fears.

### Even The Purple Pales

Nor evidently am I alone in this. A few years ago I was invited to see an archbishop. We talked of our tragic times, of the inroads of Communism, of the role of the Catholic Church, and of interracial justice that Catholics should spearhead.

At this point the great prelate put his proposition to me.

It was to youth that such a message should be addressed he said. Youth was taught by religious teachers. And so, he thought, it would be a good thing if I went on a lecture tour in his diocese, starting with the teachers, especially the Nuns.

Didn't they deal with Catholic womankind? And didn't the hand of the woman who rocked the cradle learn

its skill from the holy nuns?

The idea of lecturing to nuns on such a radical, such a "hot" subject, frankly did not appeal to me. Those memories of the long corridor, the polished door, and the sweet-faced but firm nun behind it, held me back. So, diffidently, I suggested to the prelate that one word from him to them would be worth a thousand from me.

Suddenly he looked boyish, shy, and not a little embarrassed. A silence fell between us.

### He Feared Nuns Too

Then he grinned, and ruefully acknowledged that I might be right, but that he had gone to school to the good nuns... and, somehow, had never lost his awe of them! It was deeply ingrained, he went on to say. He wouldn't mind facing the pope and all his cardinals. But to tackle a Reverend Mother Superior, her council, and her lovely community — no ma'am, not His Excellency, the Archbishop.

I laughed joyously and told him he need not say another word. I knew exactly how he felt.

So you understand now, Sister, why I delayed so long in starting that series of letters you wanted me to write years ago.

Yes, I know. I am tabbed now, forever and ever, as a letter-writer. And I know, too, from the letters written me by nuns, daughters of many Orders, that you desire me to write another book...

entitled DEAR SISTER... dealing with what you so charitably call "the need of first-hand knowledge of the Lay Apostolate of Catholic Action" which you feel, and rightly so, you too must help the youth you deal with, "to love, know, and practice."

### No Stalling Now

As I read these letters, month after month, year after year, and even day after day, I pray for courage. It seems hard to walk the long corridor with assured and quick steps, knock at the polished door without hesitation, and make myself at home in Reverend Mother Superior's sanctum sanctorum — hers and yours.

Then again, the thought comes to me that if I continue in this vein of letter-books, pretty soon there will be a De Hueck book shelf!

The prospect is appalling. How did I get into all this? How did I become a LETTER WRITER AT LARGE? Who selected me as an authority on such a variety of subjects? I guess I shall never know the answer this side of eternity.

But, I guess also, that I will succumb to your request. In fact, I have already done so, for whether you have realized it or not, this "letter" begins that series you asked for. It is a sort of introduction to it. I have written it, perhaps, to give myself courage to walk that corridor all the way.

In the forthcoming letters I hope to plunge courageously into the subject matter you are interested in. Meanwhile, pray for me that I may forget my childhood memories and speak the truth—the whole truth, and, nothing but the truth! No matter what the cost. Otherwise these letters would be useless. And neither one of us wants that.



### The Finding of The Child Jesus In the Temple

Through Mary, seeking her lost son, may we be given grace always to seek for the Christ Child and always to find Him.

Let us find Him in all children, and in all who have a child's needs—the helpless, the sick, the simple, the aged; in all who serve and are trusting and poor; in all who are lonely or homeless.

Let us too become as little children, to find the Divine Child in our own hearts.

## Madonna House Guest Learns Life's Purpose

By Mary Sue McGee

"Why was I born?  
Why am I living?  
What do I get?  
What am I giving?"

The song skimmed across my mind. The hot sun played across my eyes and the white sand felt like silk. "Life is a series of questions," I mused. "Tomorrow I'm going to Madonna House. Why? To see Catholic Action in action? To learn to work with my hands? Or is it only to answer that insistent song, Why was I born?"

And now, somehow, I've just got to tell you about it. The beauty of the countryside; the warm, lived-in look of the house; (did you know that a Madonna on a mantelpiece, if it is the right Madonna, can look smarter than a Chinese figure be-decked with ivy?) the satisfaction that growing things and making things can give; the fascination of living with people from every section of the world; the joy and laughter, the song and peace gleaned from living with them in LOVE—all this I can't hope to describe, for it belongs to Madonna House. Instead I want to share with you the things I mean to take with me wherever I go. I hope they will help you wherever you are.

### One Spring Day

First of all I learned the story of Catholic Action. Ever wonder how it all started? I like to think that it began one spring day when Christ said to His followers, "Go teach ye all nations," and sent out seventy-two men to change the world.

Catholic Action, then, is as old as the first Christians. They had the vision that they belonged to the priesthood of the Church. They sold what they possessed and began to live a true communist life. But their underlying motive was love of God; their key to this life the understanding of the Gospels. In time the Church solidified and ruled the world. The laity plunged ahead, front line soldiers in the battle against evil.

Then came the Reformation; and suddenly the Church had to defend its dogma, doctrine, and theory. The priest became the front line fortress, behind which the laity hid.

Slowly the idea of the "participation of the laity in the apostolate of the hierarchy" dwindled. The idea of the Mystical Body dwindled. Socialism, Communism and then Atheism, set out to conquer the world and kill the Church.

But not so many years ago, the popes, remembering how valiantly the laity used to march and fight, called Catholics to march again for their faith and to die for it, if necessary. He said this was not a choice one might make, but an obliga-

tion he must assume because he was a Catholic.

### Sure They're Crazy!

There are two kinds of Catholic Action, the general and the vocational type. The general Catholic Actionist forms a group, or cell, organized to do a job some bishop wishes done. They stay where they are in order to influence the people around them. The vocation to the Lay Apostolate demands that a person sell what he possesses in order to care for the wounds of the Mystical Body. He must live in "Holy Poverty." Crazy? Of course people who do that are crazy. But then they are in LOVE.

Sounds great, eh? But there is a catch to it. First, you've got to start caring about your fellow man. You've got to start living Catholic Action. But before you can bring others to Christ you must learn to love Him yourselves. Without your own personal sanctification all the action in the world is useless. You have only one road to take. You must become saints.

Wonderful! Thrilling! Challenging! But let's look at me on my first day in Madonna House. The July summer school was over, and there was a lot of work to do. The first job I was given raised three tremendous blisters on my hands. Somehow I sensed that I'd better not mention them. That night at the "B's" first lecture I learned why I should keep still. She said something like this—

### Listen To This!

"We are going to do great things for Christ and yet — we are but a thousand fragments of self, each warring against the other. If I've got a headache, or I'm cold or tired or hot or hungry, that is the most important thing of the moment. I forget that I am living with, and in, and for, my group, and that I must consider them constantly. If I cannot bear the little pains and inconveniences, how on earth shall I bear the pains of the soul? If I cannot toughen myself now, out of love, how shall I fare when the enemies of God choose to do it for me out of hate? Our whole civilization tends to make us slaves to our own petty feelings, desires, and

(Continued on Page Three)



# RESTORATION

MADONNA HOUSE  
Combermere, Ontario  
Canada

VOL. III.

No. 2.

EDDIE DOHERTY ..... Editor  
CATHERINE DE HUECK-DOHERTY ..... Managing Editor  
GRACE FLEWELLING ..... Circulation Manager

Subscription price \$1.00; Single copies 10c.

RESTORATION is published monthly for clarification of Catholic social thought with the approbation of the Most Reverend Bishop W. J. Smith of Pembroke, Ontario, and is owned by Friendship House, Canadian Province. Authorized as Second Class Mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa.

RESTORATION is a Member of the Catholic Press Association.

## WHERE LOVE IS—GOD IS

How dark and sad is our world today! How desolate too. It is hard to behold the bitter fruits of our own planting.

How clear is the dark road mankind has travelled. Strange that darkness can be so clear!

Four hundred years ago man began to make ready for the abomination of desolation in which we live today. Four hundred years ago! Then, once more listening to the serpent's whisper, man arose, and turning his back on God and His truths, set forth in search of a knowledge that would make him equal to God.

High into the sky he thrust the altar of his new god, Science. This man-made god was going to give man the key to all power, all knowledge! With giant strides man walked the wilderness of his own choosing, unmindful of the thorns, unfearful of the darkness, unconscious of his loss. He saw himself a conqueror of earth and heaven and all that lies beyond and in between.

Thus he began walking the "dark road" . . . thus he began planting the seed of the bitter fruits of today. And now, the end is here. The end of the unholy and unlawful search.

That end . . . an abyss of destruction . . . the edge of doom. Science—the false God—has given into man's hands the tools of his own annihilation, atomic energy.

Beside this awesome tool, man beholds too . . . the rest of the bitter fruit. For his tired hands hold nothing except fear, insecurity, darkness, emptiness, and war.

The sight of a hell of his own creation is in his eyes. The sight of hell and death. Both damnation and death shed light, a strange and fearful light that brings out the darkness as a back curtain brings out the stage . . . and all that is on it.

In this light of hell and death, man NOW CAN SEE THE ROAD HE TRAVELLED so swiftly, so sure of himself. He can see, and shudder, and cover his face in horror.

Quo vadis now, little man? Whither goest thou from here?

There are only two directions . . . one straight ahead, into the abyss that yawns before his (our) feet. Down . . . down . . . into the fires of atomic bombs . . . into dissolution of earth and man . . . into hell everlasting that awaits all those who turn their backs on the ONE TRUE ETERNAL GOD AND HIS TRUTHS . . . and, breaking the first commandment, adore gods of their own making.

Or . . . there is the complete about-face. And a pause in which to gather courage and strength . . . a pause ON OUR KNEES . . . with our faces in the dust . . . then a journey BACK TO THE GOD WHO DWELLS IN OUR SOULS. A journey of atonement, penance, love. A journey whose every step will be a cry of thanks for God's mercy and a plan for His complete forgiveness. There still is a little time left to undertake it. But we must start NOW.

Man must go back to God or perish.

QUO VADIS? WHAT SHALL THE ANSWER BE? ON IT DEPENDS THE FATE OF OUR GENERATION, OF THE WHOLE EARTH, AND OF ALL THAT DWELL THEREIN.

## FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

by Eddie Doherty

There was abundant rain this year, especially in July. During the latter part of that peculiar month the rain fell nearly every day; sometimes fitfully, sometimes steadily. It spoiled the vacations of many American fishermen, and their wives; thus grieving resort keepers, who rely on tourists for part of their income; disappointing small boys who had stocked up on young frogs to sell, for bait, at 50 cents a dozen; and causing much grumbling among the proprietors of hotels, restaurants, souvenir shops, and such other places as cater to the visitors.

But the farmers in and around Combermere didn't complain at all. They remembered how arid it was last year, when even the wells went dry, and some people had to come down from the hills to get barrels of water from the river and carry them home by truck.



Fifty Fifty

What the country lost in the tourist trade, apparently, it made up with the value of better and more abundant crops. So everything sort of balanced.

But what happened in the woods was phenomenal.

In every bit of woodland around us the rain recruited thousands of good, bad, and indifferent mushrooms. And so, to some members of Madonna House, there was given a new job, a new sport, a new recreation, a new and profitable hobby—the collecting of edible mushrooms.

The Encyclopedia Britannica will tell you good mushrooms do not grow in the woods. Poppycock! The best of them grow in the woods, especially in and around poplar or birch groves, or in the near vicinity of oak trees.

The rains did a lot for the ferns too, naturally; for the thousands of little vines, weeds, grasses, wild flowers, and other vegetation in the bush; and for the young trees. Therefore the mushrooms are well hidden.

### Look Where They Are

If you want them, Stanislaus, my boy, you've got to look for them. You've got to go through dense underbrush in some parts of the woods, through blackberry and raspberry vines, through a hundred barricades of dead branches. You crawl carefully over immense rotting logs. You slip, sometimes, even when you are looking carefully at the terrain below your knees—the ferns

come up to your knees, and you can see your way through them only if you part them to the right and left with a stick or cane, or with one of your long legs. You can slip on wet dead leaves, on a flat mossy stone, on damp grasses. You can catch the toe or the heel of your shoe in a gopher hole, on a hidden snag, or on something else you cannot possibly see.

The idea is, of course, that you are looking for the mushroom; and so you don't see the hazards in your way.

### Bright Warm Bonnet

It happens, now and then, that, resting for a moment, or just trying to catch your breath after a precipitous climb up some dark, dank, and heavily-wooded slope, you see—twenty feet or more below you—the bright warm bonnet of a beautiful mushroom.

You forget your tiredness, the stinging branches that whip your cheeks and your forehead as you go through them, the brittle dead snags that lunge for your eyes, the briars that rip open your stockings and write with chisels and mallets on your legs. You ignore the treachery of the soft earth, and its unevenness. You go tearing down the slope, into the clump of ferns, and pick your lovely prize.

And it isn't a prize at all. The worms and the insects have beaten you to it!

At such a time, brother, you will sit down on the nearest rock, panting, fight the mosquitoes and the flies that swarm around you, and give yourself completely up to meditations.

### Life vs. Fungus

"What am I doing here," you will probably begin, "with nothing but a heavy stick and an empty basket? Why do I risk my life for these dubious bits of fungi? Why do I charge so recklessly up and down the mountains, in and out the brush, and over the crevices, the sharp stones, and the fallen trees? This is sport? This is relaxation?"

"Certainly I am sweating as freely as though I had been in the ring, backpedaling for four fast rounds to keep away from Joe Louis. I am sweating!

"But my back hurts. My legs ache. My face smarts and stings. My wrists and ankles are gouged and bitten. There is a cut on my neck. I didn't know a cut could be so painful. Darn those mosquitoes. I must douse some more insect repellent on me. How they love that!"

(You can say darn, if you want to. There's nobody to hear you. The gang that started out with you, so gay and happy and carefree this morning, are sitting on other rocks in the woods, perhaps also saying fervent darns.)

Then, for no reason at all, you look down at your weary feet—the feet you can't move any more. And there is a baby mushroom. A warm red cap and a thick firm stem!

### You've Got One!

And now, mister, you don't mind the aches and pains, the scratches, the cuts, the welts, the mosquito bites, the sweat, the tiredness. You don't mind anything. The whole world changes for you.

Now you look up and see the small leaves of the poplars shaking in the sun, (Continued on Page Three)

## The B's Corner

September is our begging month, so is April. Twice a year, for Christ's sake, we become beggars by mail.

Why do we have to do that? The direct answer would be—because it is part and parcel of our vocation, our way of life. Many have asked us, and often, how we finance our Friendship House, with its many branches in the U.S.A.

Perhaps it will be well to answer this question once more, here and now. It will make clear, why, twice a year, you, our dear readers, friends, and benefactors, get our humble mimeographed begging letter.

As I have pointed out in my book FRIENDSHIP HOUSE, published by Sheed & Ward, and in many articles written for the general Catholic Press—and recently again in a series on our work and way of life in this little paper of ours—THE LAY APOSTOLATE OF CATHOLIC ACTION, FRIENDSHIP HOUSE STYLE, in which we are engaged is definitely and clearly a VOCATION. IT IS A SPECIAL CALL OF GOD, FOR A SPECIAL WAY OF LIFE AND WORK HE DESIRES US TO ENGAGE IN AND TO LIVE.

### Burdens of The Poor

Part of that vocation is the embracing of the counsels of perfection—POVERTY, CHASTITY, AND OBEDIENCE, without vows, but with a burning desire to live them utterly, completely, fully, because of the love of God that flames in our hearts, also in atonement for our sins—and those of others—and to take up part of the heavy burden the poor are so unjustly saddled with.

Because we live in a world gone mad with secularism and the worship of material possessions, we try especially to practice holy poverty as perfectly as we are able. We hope to bring some sanity to this almost insane world, and help restore it to Christ through the practice of this virtue.

Should anyone of you between the ages of 21 and 35, single, or married couples without children, wish to join us, our work, and our way of life in F.H., you would have to leave all your possessions behind you. You would come to us with only your clothing, which would be replaced, when worn out, by second-hand clothing of the type we give our friends-in-need.

You would have to eat what God in His mercy saw fit to send you; and you would live wherever He, through our apostolate, should place you. That might be in a nice place like Madonna House, or it might be in the fetid slums of some big city.

### What's Your Yardstick?

Wherever it is, your yardstick (financial) would be that of a person on relief. That is what we use in computing our expenses. Often this proves too much. Thus, in the Chicago F.H., where there are about eighteen staff workers, who would each be getting, on relief, \$5 a week for food, (which would amount to \$90 a week for all), we cut our food bill to something like \$15 or \$18 per week, serving three meals a day for eighteen people. That is 378 meals per week.

Holy Poverty thrives on (Continued on Page Three)



# COMBERMERE

By Catherine Doherty

The summer is over. The maples have put on their red and gold dresses, to meet the courtship of the night frosts. The river, not to be outdone, changes its colors constantly during the day, exhibiting light blues in the morning, royal blues in the afternoon, a riot of hues at sunset, and, at last, a severe black dotted with a million stars.

Madonna House rests. But it still holds the beloved memories of youth that made its home within these walls. It remembers their songs and laughter. And well it should, so many young people stayed with us this summer, learning, working, praying and playing with us.

They came because a fire had been lit within their hearts, a flame that made them hungry for knowledge . . . knowledge of God, that would lead them to the love of Him, which, in turn, they will translate into the love and service of their neighbors.

## Grace at Work

The wonder of it keeps all of us still here spellbound. It was not easy to behold the grace of God working in the soul of youth. It was not easy to answer the thousands of questions about God and the things of God, asked by young people athirst for knowledge.

Somehow the summer brought us new knowledge and joy too. For it showed us that the world is not yet lost; that the pleading of the Mother of God, for love, penance and prayer, has not gone unheeded; that hope walks with us yet, and Faith is alive among us, and Charity whose other name is Love, abides in our midst. All these virtues we found in the heart of modern Catholic youth.

## Our Golden Youth

How clear, how true and unmistakable, is to us, now, the promise Christ made a-

bout His Church! Indeed . . . "THE GATES OF HELL SHALL NOT PREVAIL AGAINST IT" . . . so long as there is youth like the youth that came to us this summer.

Somehow I cannot help but think that God smiled up in heaven, and the choir of angels sang more happily as they beheld the trek of youth to Madonna House last July.

Thumbing their way, riding in buses or day coaches, or flying through the rainy blue sky, they came from all the provinces of Canada, and from many of the States across the border. They came on a pilgrimage, a search for Truth and Love.

And this at a time when the dark shadows of war had sent its first warnings across a tense world; at a time when most men stayed put, hoping that the storm clouds would blow over but doing nothing in the way of preparing for rain, hail, gale, or lightning.

## Like the Magi

Our youth knew that the answer to wars, to the survival of our muddled world, was to be found only at the feet of the Prince of Peace; and was to be won at the price of self-conquest, of growth in love expressed in service to others. That is why, like the Magi, they came. And like the Magi they brought gifts—the gold of their love, the frank incense of their desire to perfect themselves in that love, and the myrror of their eagerness to learn all that could be taught them.

Now they have gone. Madonna House feels empty, and somewhat lonely without them. Yet it retains much of their zest, much of their eagerness—even as the maples retain something of the Spring and Summer though the green leaves have turned gold and orange and scarlet, and some have drifted from the limbs.

## THE B'S CORNER

(Continued from Page Two)

love of God. When one is in love with God, one wants to give away all that one can, and search for more!

Once you have joined our Lay Apostolate family of F.H., you will give your days and nights, your whole life, to the service of God and your neighbor, asking NOTHING ELSE IN EXCHANGE but the privilege to continue doing so. And for ALL YOUR NEEDS . . . clothing, food, shelter, recreation, studies, medical help, etc., you will trust God and your generous brethren. For since, with a gesture light and free, you have already given all for His sake, including your life, you have nothing left to give; you must leave the giving to others. You must learn graciously to receive.

## Feed His Lambs

But beside your own personal needs—ours, I should say—which are reduced for the love of God to an irreducible minimum, you (we) must also BEG for others, poorer than yourselves (us).

You must beg for money to feed, clothe, nurse, and help in a thousand other ways, our brethren in need—the poor.

Infinite is this variety, this tragedy of need. And because its voice will ring loudly in your ears, you will become, even as we have long ago . . .

## BEGGARS OF THE LORD.

Yes, that is part and parcel of the vocation and life of the FRIENDSHIP HOUSE LAY APOSTOLATE OF CATHOLIC ACTION. That is why, twice a year, in September and April, our simple, direct, humble, mimeographed BEGGING LETTER is sent to you. That is why, this September, it will go out to you, reminding you of our many needs in Madonna House.

First among these needs, of course, is MONEY, to keep the house running, to help us with the forthcoming parties for our five hundred children in these wilds of Canada; to replenish the medicines and medical supplies in our dispensary; to provide more books for our Rural Catholic Lending Library; to assist the one hundred and one things Madonna House is trying to do, in the Portiuncula (Little Portion) God has allotted us here to work in.

## Hospital Is News?

MONEY IS NEEDED TOO FOR OUR FUTURE LITTLE HOSPITAL. Did I tell you about that dream of mine in the Lord? It is a very simple little dream. We want to start a small, four-bed, lying-in hospital. We have room in St. Joseph's house for such a service to our Community. We have the necessary permissions from all authorities. All we need is CASH . . . Cash to buy beds,

bedding, china, crockery, etc., etc.—all the things such a place needs. Will you help us? THERE IS SUCH A NEED HERE, FOR JUST SUCH A PLACE!

Our Summer School was very successful, but for one exception. We had to turn some nuns away. They asked to come. We had no special place for them. If we could get money to build yet another cottage for these holy women, it would be wonderful.

## How About Clothing?

CLOTHING for all ages and both sexes is our next NEED. Pressing and urgent it is too. For as we become better known, in an ever increasing radius of the countryside, more people come and they need clothing so! Layettes too. Please.

BOOKS, magazines, religious articles, holy pictures—all are welcome and all will be used to great advantage and the joy of many. Goods—remnants, left-overs of knitting wool, thread, needles, all sewing implements, crochet hooks, etc., will also be welcomed for our handicraft classes.

LAST, BUT NOT LEAST—toys, old costume jewelry, candies, soap, tooth brushes and tooth paste, candles, christmas tree ornaments, and wrapping paper and string, for those CHRISTMAS PARTIES FOR THE FIVE HUNDRED CHILDREN WE SPOKE ABOUT.

Because of these crying needs . . . because of our way of life . . . our vocation . . . we shall come and visit you by mail this month . . . beggars for Christ's sake. Please let us in. Please give us the alms of your great charity, for Love of Him!



## FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

(Continued from Page Two)

green on one side, silver on the other. They look like so many sequins in the sun. And isn't the sun grand on you? The scent of pines comes to you, clear and strong. You note the rich color of the sumac's rooster-comb plumes, the gorgeous hues of a butterfly, the loveliness of the sky's blue, the wonder of everything around you. You have caught the fascination of mushroom hunting. You will never be the same again.

You gaze a long time at the mushroom. You keep feeling it. It has all kinds of beauties. And it is good to eat—you hope.

"Wonder who created such a thing," you say to yourself, knowing the answer all the

## MADONNA HOUSE GUEST

(Continued from Page One)

emotions. Soft? We are so soft we stink!

"And all this is so because we have forgotten the word obedience. We connect it with a rather unpleasant type of servitude. We do not understand that before a man can obey he must be free. To be obedient is to have ourselves completely under control, to be masters of ourselves—and therefore free. Self-indulgence, on the other hand, is slavery. We resent authority, discipline, and commands, because we feel vaguely that it slights our personal dignity—the dignity of our false self. Really, all honor and dignity and greatness spring from the source, Love—and then from the well, Obedience."

## Duty Of The Moment

I learned that we should be obedient to all lawfully appointed authorities—(not looking for loopholes, but obeying fully, with inner discipline, according to one's state in life, business, home, or the duty of the moment.)

This last duty is perhaps the subtlest expression of God's will. For example, you've been trying to write a letter all afternoon. Guests drop in. They are terribly boring. But they are Christ! And you have the duty of the moment to obey—to entertain them charitably while they stay and bore, bore, bore. You may finish the letter after they go.

During a discussion about being obedient to God's will one of the kids said, "Suppose you want to follow God's will but are not sure what it is?"

"Then, wait!" was the

answer. "Trust. Desire ardently. God's will will be sure and clear! But, in order not to confuse your will with His, be silent. Listen more and more deeply. In the meantime prepare yourself for the future with foresight and industry."

The word "listen" opened another discussion, for there is an art in listening. How poorly we listen even to each other let alone to God! One listens to God, however, through prayers, an organized life, the reading of the Gospels, and by constantly becoming more aware of His slightest wishes. How is one "aware"?

## The Baby Upstairs

Take—for instance my mother who works in the kitchen, laughing and talking with me, but who starts at the slightest sound from my little brother upstairs in bed. She is busy cooking, but all the while she has her ear pricked for the cry of her baby. She is constantly time. "Maybe Engels or Marx. Maybe the benevolent Hitler, the merciful Mussolini, or that great lover of mankind, Bloody Joe Stalin!"

You will be stiff and sore tonight—but you'll go back to the mushroom woods tomorrow morning (unless it rains) with a bigger basket than the one you took today. Good hunting.

aware of the child even if only subconsciously.

Just so we must live in the awareness of God. God's will may strike us through things, events, or people; but we must tune our ears to His whisperings. We must be as reeds bowing to the breeze of His will.

In laying our will alongside of His we are not losing our strength but gaining His. When His strength is our strength, then we shall be masters. Pain shall be our footstool, death our friend. Nothing will be able truly to harm us. The joy of it! Alleluia!

And so the blisters healed and were broken again and I forgot they existed. The shallow little game of my own importance that I had been playing seemed suddenly pointless. I began to join in the game of killing my "ego" that I might help someone else. Everybody plays this game here. I want to play it for the rest of my life.

## Loving And Making

Here's another new slant on living. Did you know that you haven't lived unless you have been both a lover and a maker? Everything you learn, acquire, experience, know, or do, is useless without your love. Only throbbing, passionate, bleeding, constant love will carry you through both the darkness and the light. For when you love God you, inescapably, love your fellow man. And when you love, you serve.

Anyone may love. Love doesn't need brains or skill. Everyone understands love, because it is expressed in service. Love must express itself or die. Thus if you love the Christ in your fellow man, you will pass on everything you have received in a thousand little ways.

We are digging potatoes, braiding rag rugs, making bread, drying a dish, writing a letter. Why do we forget the meaning of loving and making? These are the things that make life sweeter for someone else. These are holy, creative things because they are done out of love for others. We have no right to keep anything for ourselves. We are meant to be a lamp for the feet of others.

## More About Love

We have all come to the conclusion that God is worth loving. We realize that we must develop this love by hard work, perseverance, and common sense. We may feel no sensation of love, but that doesn't matter because in true love the emotions are subjected to the will.

Since emotion is a gift of God, He can remove it at any time. What He really wants is our love without sugar-candy gifts at every moment of our love-making life. It's like being true to the one you love though at times he seems absent. Love isn't bluebirds and roses. It's meat and potatoes. It's steel and blood and tears and sweat. It's heart-strings and cloud-dust.

Love is simple, like a child—unquestioning, uncomplicated, trusting, direct. The person in love with God relates everything in the world back to the ONE THING THAT MATTERS, LOVE OF HIM.

Now I hear the conversation of leaves. In an hour there will be the clatter of dishes. In the fall I shall hear the clang of street cars.

The song is still ringing, but the question is answered "Why was I born? O, my God, TO LOVE YOU!"



## Tony and Martin

By Anthony Constable

Breathlessly the whole world anticipated D-Day as the month of Mary was drawing to a close. We, in our camp in Edmonton, Alberta, were experiencing the best of weather. But an atmosphere of fear seemed to grip the stoutest of hearts.

About this time I received word from Father Norbert Georges, O.P., of New York, requesting me to participate in a Blessed Martin novena for peace, which was being held at the Blue Chapel, in Union City, N.J.

The novena ended just a few days before D-Day, June 6th, the feast of Saint Norbert—Father's Patron Saint. As I wondered why there should be a novena at this particular time, the news came over three wires. The terrible drive was on in full force.

Would our boys succeed! How many gallant lives would be lost?

We, soon received the answer; and even the worst skeptic had to admit that the good Lord had protected us. And, without a doubt, Blessed Martin "had been in there pitching."

Tony and St. Tony

One week later, on the feast of Saint Anthony, Martin again demonstrated his tremendous power.

All through the spring I had succeeded in attending the "thirteen Tuesday devotion," in honor of Saint Anthony, held yearly at the Franciscan Church. This year the final devotion fell on the feast of the great Saint.

However, on that Sunday, due to a military offense committed by some boys, the entire base was restricted for one week. That meant I would not be allowed to visit the church!

Father Glennon had gone to Great Falls, Montana. I enlisted the aid of the Protestant chaplain. He called the colonel's office, and pleaded for me. He received a firm "NO" in reply. He persisted, but the cause seemed hopeless. As a last resort, he said, "I'm sending the man to you—goodbye!"

On my way, I clutched tight to my Blessed Martin relic.

"So, you've come!" the colonel's adjutant greeted me gruffly. "Haven't you learned to obey orders?"

"Yes Sir, But —"

"Yes sir," I replied, "but this is an urgent matter."

"Even a case of life or death is not urgent enough to break this restriction, so you might just as well leave," he maintained.

Had I not known Martin, I would have trembled, and shrunk from his sight. As it was, I stood firm. "I'll go if you do me the favor of asking the colonel first," I said.

"Impossible! I have my

orders," he explained, "git." "You must ask him. I have to get to church this evening."

When he perceived that he'd have to throw me out in order to get rid of me, he barked, "Alright, it will satisfy you, I'll see the colonel. But I assure you it will do no good."

No Good, huh?

He was gone only a few minutes. In that brief spell, still clutching my relic, I prayed hard. The adjutant returned carrying a slip of paper. He said, as he scratched his head in surprise, "I don't know why or how—but here it is. Now git—you lucky so and so!"

The next day at the club when I thanked the colonel, he said, "You can consider yourself most fortunate. You were the only one to leave the field."

## "Front-Line" Christians In Catholic Action

Gerald Vann, O.P., says that "the primary purpose of Catholic Action is to carry forth into the world the power of a God-filled personality." Hence every Catholic must manifest Christ in his daily life and be an apostle of Catholic Action, whether this be done in "organized" Catholic Action or, whether because of circumstances, or one's vocation, it is simply the outpouring of a soul's love for God.

and glorify your Father."

\* \* \* \*

These "new-men," "sons of light," unattached to any organized lay-apostolate, have given their resources, their activity, their lives, have accepted a hard and joyful, hidden, and obscure way of life. By their deep interior life of prayer and obedience to the will of God, they bear the light of Christ into the market-places of the world to all who have eyes to see.

\* \* \* \*



## A Love Letter

By

Lavada Ward Strona

Dearest St. Joseph,— Perhaps one shouldn't write so to another woman's husband, But I don't think your Virgin-spouse will mind.

What a father and protector you were to her Son! Did you do without things you wanted and needed, for Him? When you fled into Egypt, you never looked back at the things

You left behind for His sake.

Yours was the protecting arm, for the Hope of the world.

Yours was the example of good parenthood for all mankind.

One of the reasons I love you so is that my husband Followed in your footsteps of fatherhood.

Thank you, patron of families, Guardian of the helpless, Protector of the fatherless.

And pray for us. Yours truly. Me.

"Being is more important than doing" says Vann.

"You can be an apostle even though you belong to no society, no social organization within the Church; you can be an apostle by being the sort of person whose loving absorption in the presence of God and loving obedience to the will of God is apparent to all who have eyes to see."

\* \* \* \*

There are many hidden souls, docile to the Holy Spirit, who have buried themselves in the monotonous, dreary task of "leavening" the whole human dough; they are the "front-line" Christians living amidst pagans in factories, offices, on farms, who follow Christ's command "So let your light shine before men that they may see your good works

They are those who with no fanfare or bugles blaring, silently and effectively, amidst the shadows of paganism, of secularism, and of communism, follow St. Paul's words, the only words that Christ left us as a defence against our enemies,— "Be not overcome by evil, but overcome evil by good."

**TUMBLEWEED—**  
Eddie Doherty ..... \$2.75  
Published by Bruce, Milwaukee, Wis.

**GALL AND HONEY—**  
Eddie Doherty ..... \$2.75

**SPLENDORS OF SORROW—**  
Eddie Doherty ..... \$1.25

**DEAR BISHOP—**  
Catherine Doherty \$1.75

These books can be obtained in Canada at the **CAMPION BOOK SHOP**, 1184 Phillips Place, Montreal, Quebec. — In the U.S.A. direct from the Publishers, Bruce Publishing Co., of Milwaukee, or Shed and Ward, New York.

## PILGRIMS OF EMMAUS

This One who travels with us along the road, So close to us, hip against hip, This Man of every day, Who speaks our language and eats our bread, We do not know Him, we cannot remember His voice. In our stumbling search, we believe Him to be The same as our own poor selves. When we tremble, He is there, And also when uneasiness and bitterness Are clawing at our soul. He is there, when we sail on the sea of desires, And cast our nets to no avail; He imprints on us, without our knowing it, His movement and his gesture; And we lurch along, crowded or rejected, Always stubborn and complaining, always hoping, Thrusting our necks toward open spaces Where our freedom wishes to be fed, Even though His invitation is pressing, And His hand is upon us. But we always get away, and our laughter hides our fear. Our escape builds between Him and us a wall of infinity, Concealing the mark of His hands and the wound of His heart.

We believe Him to be a mere man, with dust-soiled feet, A tired and perhaps unwanted traveller, Always close to us, offering His shoulder; And we walk along the road, sometimes tense, More often inattentive, Sometimes alone, and sometimes comforted, And sometimes, it is true, full of a sweetness beyond words, Full of an almost impossible love, Wide and clear waters of joy and flowerings of wonderful peace Until the nightly hour when, in the stillness of our body And the bouncing freedom of our spirit, We recognize Him in the wonder of the perfect Encounter.

—Catherine de Vinck



RESTORATION;  
COMBERMERE,  
ONTARIO, CANADA

Please enter the following subscription:

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... Zone .....

Province .....

1 Year — \$1.00

Return Postage Guaranteed  
MADONNA HOUSE,  
Combermere, Ontario, Canada